





## GEN. LANE CHALLENGES THE BORDER RUFFIANS.

TO MESSRS. A. W. DOWD AND A. G. BOON:  
GENTLEMEN: My attention has been called to the last half of a circular published in the Missouri Republican of Sept. 2, 1856, to which your names are subscribed as authors. Atkinson & Co., your principals, have long since placed themselves beyond the pale of those who can be recognized as gentlemen; and therefore I address you.

If this half of the circular conveys any idea of the spirit and tenor of the whole article, I venture the assertion that in recklessness of veracity and bald falsification, it would be difficult to find its parallel.

I have never enlisted an army, nor even a single soldier, to march into Kansas. I traveled through Iowa in company with a large body of peaceable citizens, each of whom avowed, with the greatest apparent sincerity, their determination to secure the land for settlers. Kansas, and, so far as my knowledge extends, have actually made good their professions, and are now making homes for themselves and their families. Fearing my presence might be seized upon as a pretext for attacking them by the United States troops, I left the company on the east side of the Missouri River, and traveled into Kansas, but have been in no way connected with them, so as to be entirely disconnected with them.

On my arrival in Kansas, I found the border papers teeming with inflammatory denunciations of our citizens, and boldly proclaiming against them a war of extermination. In response to their incitements, hordes of depraved, misguided desperadoes entered the country, many of them having inscribed on their hats, "Death to Abolitionists, and no quarter;" a mother and daughter, in the absence of the husband and father, ravished by nearly one hundred fiendish men; the gifted Major Hoyt, who had gallantly served while fighting in the Mexican war, brutally murdered while unarmed, his body hacked to pieces, and a few rods thrown over him, leaving his arms and feet projecting from the earth, a prey for wolves; prisoners murdered in a manner exceeding, if possible, even the shocking barbarity of savage tribes, and afterward scalped and their skulls sent to the States, and who yet live to exhibit his skull to an outraged world; dwellings being burned over helpless women and screaming children.

In the state of confusion and indignation resulting from these outrages, the people of Kansas sought my aid and counsel; and I took command of the forces rallied for their defense as an imperative duty which the promptings of humanity forbade me to refuse. Instead of following the example of your associates, we determined to wage an honorable and only a defensive warfare. To this end, the first order issued guaranteed protection to the settler without reference to his politics, color, or religion, and courteous treatment to prisoners, forbade the burning of dwellings or the destruction of property, and inflicted the penalty of death for its violation. This order was republished the morning after your associates had burned seven dwellings near Leecompton, in sight of the United States troops. No buildings were destroyed at Franklin, and the attack was made there under the impression that the cannon loaded and used to frighten Free State men was the one taken from Lawrence. The houses destroyed at Saunders and Bull Creek—although in themselves military fortifications, and occupied but a few minutes before their destruction, by our associates—were burned contrary to orders, and by persons having no connection with my command. The house of Clark, the Indian Agent, charged as he was with the cold-blooded murder of the lamented Barber, with its valuable contents, was spared by our army, which reached it but a few moments after the invaders, who had just burned the house, and who had just desecrated it, and fled to Leecompton. At Leecompton express orders were given that not a shot should be fired at the house occupied by Widow Brooks and her gallant sons and accomplished daughters, although the building was at the time occupied by the very men who had kindled the fires of the then smoldering houses of the State and its friends.

To Capt. Scott, Gen. Richardson and other prisoners, I refer you for testimony of their proper treatment. The latter gentleman, at the peril of my own life, was conducted five miles outside of our picket guards. Although some of the citizens of Kansas may have been driven into measures of retaliation, and it would be strange if they had not, I defy you to point to a single act committed by the men under my command derogatory to their character as gallant soldiers or chivalric gentlemen.

As to the charge of treason and outlawry, I laugh it to scorn. The recent discharge upon parole of the prisoners charged with treason will, I trust, prevent any repetition of the state charge by any man who makes any pretensions to respectability.

I presume there is no one, even in the Slave States, so stultified in intellect as to now imagine that the effort to inflict the curse of Slavery on Kansas by force and arms is not a crime, and that, therefore, the only object to the invasion of Kansas is the desire for bloodshed.

When you get ready for another invasion to gratify this belated disposition, in order to save a further impeding of our beloved Union, I will entertain a proposition like this: You send me one hundred actual slaveholders, born and raised in Slave States, who have already been engaged in this conflict, Atkinson & Co. among the number; and I select one hundred anti-slaveholding settlers of Kansas, myself included; we being the party invaded and having the right to select time, place, distance, and weapons, who shall fight in presence of two members of the Senate and twelve members of the House of Representatives of the United States, one half of whom shall be selected by each party, with the mutual agreement that the blood of the parties thus selected shall settle this vexed question, and save Kansas from further outrage.

No letters are permitted to reach me in Kansas, through Missouri, you will direct your answer to Indianapolis, Indiana.

Yours, J. H. LANE.

Fremont County, Iowa, Sept. 22, 1856.

The challenge with which General Lane's letter concludes is a very fair burlesque upon the pseudo ecstasies of the South, and the eagerness of the Know-nothing to play at tournaments with the butt-end of the lance, or sneaking to assail an unarmed man with gutta serena, and to be crowned by queens of love and beauty, as Bull Brooks was at one of the ovals lately given to him.

But with all their valor, these gentry have a wholesome dread of the superior personal strength of Northern men—which proved such a bugbear to Bullies Edmondson and Brooks—a dread which is quite certain to prevent the acceptance of any challenge where the parties are to meet man to man on equal terms. The proposal that the fight between the hundred slaveholders and hundred Free State men of Kansas should come off in presence of twelve members of the Senate and twelve members of the House of Representatives of the United States, to act as umpires and judges, is also a fine piece of satire upon the way in which Congress has quietly looked on, and seen murder, arson, and civil war raging in the Territory.

In order to do justice to all parties, General Lane ought to add to this proposed board of umpires the President and his Cabinet and the commander of the Federal troops in Kansas—if indeed the partiality of the former is not too notorious to make it safe to trust them.—New York Tribune.

A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.

[Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.]

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

New York, September 20, 1856.

On last Sunday, while at Boston, accompanied by a party of Southern gentlemen, I attended the services at Music Hall, expecting to hear Theodore Parker deliver his homelike and philippic against the peculiar institutions of the South. The spacious hall and galleries were well filled with a respectable audience of both sexes, among whom were a sprinkling of negroes. Mr. Parker, at the moment of our entrance, was at his desk, on the broad platform whence the orchestra is wont to discourse sweet music to the aristocratic citizens of the modern Athens, and was singing, in a clear, beautiful voice, one of his favorite spiritual psalms.

In the reclining attitude of his position, his massive head leaning forward, showing bold frontal organs, well developed, with the intonations of a voice musical as the sound of falling waters, softened and aided by the rich, luxurious decorations of the place, he presented rather a unique

appearance for a Minister of the Gospel of Peace. I was reminded of other associations, and my mind's eye saw before me the fascinating picture of a temple, where the votaries of reason and philosophy had asserted their authority, and were assembled to promulgate their independence. He implored Heaven, among other invocations, to render him firm among the sin and curse of slavery, and concluded with the final passage of the Lord's prayer. After a hymn by the choir, which was sung beautifully, the orator ascended the rostrum, first stating that he would be glad to receive contributions of clothing and money for the suffering friends of freedom in Kansas. The clerical orator then proceeded with his sermon. It was a written discourse upon "Religion as the Art of Life," and, like his essays, was chaste and highly finished. It abounded with passages of great beauty and eloquence, and I may be allowed, with propriety, to say that it was the production of a mind rich in all the attributes of genius, which is defined as common sense, and strong with the pearls of study and reflection. The sermon concluded, he repeated the benediction, and the fashionable auditory dispersed, and we left with no worse impression of THEODORE PARKER, as a man of intellect, than we had entertained before hearing him. I had expected him to indulge in the usual talk about the sin and curse of slavery, and with one of his most beautiful models of philosophical disputation.

At the request of RICHARD YEADON, Esq., senior editor of the Charleston Courier, who had made an appointment to meet Mr. PARKER in the evening, I proceeded with that gentleman, at the designated hour, to his residence at Exeter Place. In doing so, however, I must confess that I had to overcome strong Southern idiosyncrasies. The interview had been sought by Mr. YEADON, for the purpose of ascertaining, in person, as the editor and correspondent of a widely circulating journal, the ends and aims of Northern Abolitionism, and the most prominent leaders; and taking shelter under the mantle of his presence and wisdom, I accompanied him to witness the discussion. We found a party of six or seven gentlemen, and as many ladies, assembled in Mr. PARKER's library, and were politely received and introduced by him. Among the guests were several of the most distinguished gentlemen who are conspicuous for their prominence as Free Soilers and Abolitionists; but only one of whom I will name, as his connection with the anti-slavery movement is almost co-equal with its inauguration—Wm. LLOYD GARRISON. Mr. PARKER assured Mr. YEADON, that the presence of persons so distinguished as those of Mr. Garrison, and of the gentlemen who were present, did not do him regret it, as they were among those whom he should have selected to meet him.

Mr. YEADON and Mr. GARRISON were soon engaged in earnest conversational argument, which was sustained by the slavery disputant with marked spirit and great energy. He met and met every proposition advanced by the other with a lawfulness and immorality of the institution, and, in doing so, retained, with great propriety, his composure and self-possession. When pressed with the force and authority of many pointed passages of the Old and New Testament, authorizing the institution, and enjoining the reclamation and redemption of fugitive slaves to their masters, Mr. GARRISON denied their relevancy, on the ground that the genuineness and truth of the record from which they were taken were not conclusive and sufficient, in his opinion, to exclude the exercise of conscience and reason upon the subject. He contended that such passages were untrustworthy and apocryphal, and opposed to our ideas of the humanity, wisdom and mercy of God; thus testing the Infinite by a finite standard, and subjecting the wisdom of the Almighty to the compass of a human law. In this position, Mr. PARKER, who acted, most of the time, as umpire or moderator, coincided, illustrating it by citing several instances of the same kind, where he alleged that the chosen people of God were commanded to act in direct opposition to some of those laws of Nature which were among the attributes of the Deity. In other words, he testified against their peculiar doctrines, and his opinions were made more pure and higher standard than the revelations of the Divine Will.

From this branch of the argument, the discussion became more general, and, in its course, embraced the history and humanity of the Southern system of slavery. Mr. YEADON added, in support of the humanity and leniency of the institution, a comparative contentment and attachment to their owners, and exhibited great familiarity with the facts and details of the subject. All of these facts and arguments were warmly controverted by his opponents, who rejected his statements as those of an ignorant person, and for that reason, he insisted upon the legal technicality that excludes a witness from testifying on his own account, they declined to admit them, disclaiming any intention to question his veracity. What was strange, however, while these men reject the statements thus made by familiar and unimpeachable witnesses, they receive, with the most flattering attention, the false and exaggerated stories and tales of horror, which are embraced in their arms while still laden with the gore of their plundered masters. Fanaticism has wrapped itself false mantle around them, and they are blind to the dictates of reason. "Quem deus prius vult perdere deridit," was surprised to find that Garrison and Mr. Parker differed widely upon many points. Mr. GARRISON advocates the abolition of slavery by mild and patient means—by argument and persuasion—and is opposed to violent and insurrectionary steps. He was a man of peace, while he denominated Mr. PARKER, in contradistinction to himself, a Bonker.

Will man, by which we implied that the latter was the advocate of any measure, however violent, to eradicate the alleged sin and curse of slavery.

Mr. P. admitted that Southern slavery was the mildest and most humane system of the kind that had ever existed, and gave the South credit for many of its ameliorating features; but was severe upon New England for having introduced toleration, and then having transferred slavery to the Southern States. He stated that only 40,000 Africans had been imported into the United States, and thought their rapid increase the means intended by Providence to work out their freedom and eventual civilization, and thought a parallel case was exhibited in the history of the Jews in Egypt.

The discussion was continued until a late hour, when we retired.

Mr. PARKER treated us very politely, and said nothing to which we could take exception, and expressed himself happy always to meet Southern men, for the purpose of discussing subject mildly and controversially. He is a very intelligent, sensible man, apparently fifty years old, blunt and logical in his mode of conversation; and I could not but regret that so fine a mind was obscured and eclipsed by the black cloud of fanaticism.

My impressions of Mr. GARRISON were not so favorable. His appearance and manners indicate no submission to the law, and no feeling of respect for reason; of sentiment, not of sympathy.

Mr. YEADON, as I have already stated, had a foe man worthy of his steel in his antagonist, and evinced a remarkable intimacy with the arguments and bearings of the controversy, and recounted with a boldness and confidence, and a freedom of himself. Indeed, it required an exertion of these qualities to hear the lion in his den, and to advocate his cause in such a presence.

As an extreme Southern of the strictest sect, convinced of the necessity and utility of a separation from the North, I felt proud of the champion of our cause, and it is by his profession to these feelings, not unmingled with those of admiration, that I have attempted, hurriedly and concisely, to give an outline of their conversation, hoping and trusting that it would find a place in your columns, which are now looked to as the champion in the approaching struggle for the rights of the South.

ALABAMA.

THE PRESIDENT. President Pierce spent the Sabbath in Dover with his brother-in-law, Hon. John Aiken. In the morning, he attended divine service in the chapel of the Theological Seminary, and heard a spirited and very eloquent sermon from Rev. Prof. Park. Immediately after the service, he was most respectfully received by the Professors in the institution, Professor Stone taking the lead in the friendly conversation. The fact with pleasure, as an evidence that there is no disposition, even among the strongest opponents of the policy of the administration, to withhold that respect which is due to the President, when it cannot be tainted into an alleged approval of that policy.—Boston Journal.

WE think this conduct is far from being creditable to the Andover Professors, who ought to have improved the occasion to administer a wholesome rebuke to the "Border Ruffian" Usurper and Traitor.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## No Union with Slaveholders.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 10, 1856.

## DEFENCE OF MAN-STEALING.

We have copied from the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury a letter from a correspondent, dated "St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, Sept. 20, 1856," and signed "ALABAMA," giving a sketch of an interview between RICHARD YEADON, Esq., the editor of the Charleston Courier, and the writer of the letter, and a small party (ourselves included) at the residence of THEODORE PARKER, in this city, a few weeks since. It is written with far more candor and in a better spirit than could have been expected from that quarter, though, of course, it gives but a one-sided view of a long and interesting discussion, and claims for the Carolina champion of slavery a complete victory over his antagonists.

The interview with Mr. Yeaton was wholly unexpected to us, as we had no knowledge that he was to be at Mr. Parker's the evening we called. His demeanor was generally courteous, though at times he was somewhat exacting and captious; but as for his logic or his facts, they were remarkably safe and pure. There is a lunacy of the soul as well as of the brain; and, morally speaking, none but a lunatic could think of defending the act of reducing men, women and children to the condition of marketable property.

The whole South is one great Beldam, where "madness rules the hour." Chains, whips, bludgeons, thumb-screws, paddles, bow-knives, revolvers, blood-hounds, are but the symbols of contentment, affection, and patriarchal care; to deprive the laborer of all his natural rights, of all power of choice, and to drive him to unrequited toil under the lash, is an excellent method of raising him in the scale of civilization; trafficking in human flesh is a patent way to enlighten the understanding and improve the heart! Free choice, free industry, free education, with every personal right sacredly protected, as witnessed here at the North, are indications of a deplorable state of society! The Bible sanctions slavery, both in the Old and in the New Testament; the slaves are contented and happy, and better off than the laboring classes here; emancipation has proved the ruin of Jamaica and St. Domingo; the abolitionists have immensely strengthened the system they are seeking to undermine; none of them would be willing to have their daughters marry negroes; white laborers cannot possibly endure the Southern climate in raising cotton, sugar and rice; kidnapping the native Africans has proved to be a capital mode of civilizing and evangelizing those who would otherwise have been groping in heathenish darkness; the negroes are preeminently cruel and barbarous in their disposition; the Declaration of Independence is a glaring absurdity—&c. &c. Such was the rignurle with which Mr. Yeaton undertook to confound us, speaking with great volubility, running from one thing to another quite disconnectedly, and monopolizing a very large proportion of the time of the evening. He said he was in favor of teaching the slaves to read, and putting the Bible into their hands—not, however, with a view to prepare them for liberty, at any period however distant, but to convince them that their bondage is God-ordained, and so ought to be borne without a murmur! We assured him that if he would seriously and persistently advocate this measure in the columns of his paper, we would guarantee him a coat of tar and feathers, and a speedy expulsion from Charleston, after the manner of Hon. Samuel Hoar. Mr. Yeaton is the gentleman who complimented Edward Everett, "over the left," at the Pilgrim celebration at Plymouth on the First of August, 1854, for declaring his readiness, on the floor of Congress, to put on his knapsack, shoulder his musket, and march to the South to put down a slave insurrection!

To illustrate the beneficent and divine character of Southern slavery, we copy the following advertisements from the same number of the Charleston Mercury from which we extract the aforesaid letter:—

Lodged, in Beaufort District Jail, on the 15th inst., a small mulatto negro man, named Charles, about 50 years of age; about 5 feet 4-1/2 inches in height, rather inclined to be bald, teeth in front broken out. The said negro man has with him a young mulatto girl child, about three years of age. The said negro says that he has been living with Mr. Michael Waters, of Scriven county, Georgia, for two years past, but that he belongs to James Patterson.

B. WIGGINS, S. B. D.

September 27.

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Runaway from the subscribers' mills, Northeastern Railroad, about three months since, their negro fellow Tom, about 25 years old, black, medium size, and has a scar on one side of his face. Tom was raised in Sumner county, and was brought here about four months ago. The above reward will be paid for his delivery in any jail in the State.

J. M. EASON & BRO.

September 16.

Runaway, this morning, a light brown girl, named Fanny, or Frances—middle height, full figure, rather a straight nose, large mouth, her four front teeth out, small black eyes with a dull expression, her hair not straight, and generally wears a handkerchief on her head, and has a clumsy walk. She was bought a few months ago from Mrs. Hamlin, who purchased her from a man in Florida. She is probably harbored by a mulatto girl or some white person. Ten dollars will be given for her delivery at the Work House. Apply at this Office.

September 4.

A VERY LIKELY FAMILY OF YOUNG NEGROES.—By Shingler Brothers, 7 Broad Street.—Will sell at Private Sale, Rebecca and her three children. She is about 27 years of age; warranted sound. She is a complete Seamstress and Mantua-maker. She is also a good Cook and Washer, of unexceptionable character and qualifications. Conditions cash. Apply as above.

September 11.

ESTATE SALE.—BRICKLAYER.—BY THOMAS M. HOME. On Tuesday next, the 30th September, at 11 o'clock, will be sold, at my office, No. 29 Broad street, by order of the Executors,

George, about 40 years of age, an excellent bricklayer, slater and plasterer, defective in one eye. And Jim, an elderly fellow, accustomed to work with mechanics.

Conditions.—One third cash; balance in one and two years, secured by bond and mortgage, drawing legal interest, and approved personal security. Particulars to T. M. H. for papers.

September 23.

A NEW COOK BOOK. We have received an advance copy, from T. B. PIERCE, 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, of "WIDWIDFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK; or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. Comprising all the popular methods for cooking and preparing all kinds of poultry, terrapins, deserts, soup, beef, vegetables, puddings, meats, syrups, rolls, preserves, jellies, pickles, cakes, fish, omelets, pastries, sauces, pies, &c. &c. By Harriet Wildfield, celebrated for nearly fifty years as a Cake and Pastry Baker in South Ninth street, Philadelphia." Complete in one large duodecimo volume, strongly bound, for one dollar.

The arrangement and typographical distinctness of this book are excellent. It is said that all the receipts in it are now for the first time published in book form; that they have been tried for years by hundreds of Mrs. Wildfield's pupils; and that they have the advantage of not being too extravagant, as most receipts in modern cook-books are. The Ladies' National Magazine pronounces it the best book on Cookery extant. From many of its receipts, however, we advise an entire exclusion of wine and brandy, which are too frequently used in the directions.—Boston Journal.

For sale by Redding & Co., 8 State street.

DISMISSED.—A despatch to the Traveller states that the Rev. Mr. Conway was, on Sunday last, dismissed from the pastorate of the Unitarian church in Washington, by a vote of the church. The objection to Mr. Conway was his preaching against slavery.

## 'A NORTH-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.'

This is the title of an earnest and eloquent Sermon on the Crime against Freedom, in Kansas and Washington, preached at Henniker, N. H., August 31, 1856, by EDEN B. POSTER, Pastor of John Street Church, Lowell, Mass.—making a pamphlet of 40 pages. It fully vindicates the right of those who occupy the pulpits of the land, to cry aloud against overshadowing despotism, though demagogues may charge them with being 'political priests,' and 'dabbling in the mire of politics.' It also vividly depicts the outrages that have taken place in Kansas and in the Capital, shows how great are the perils threatening all the land, and expresses the belief 'that the election of the coming November will decide the destinies of this republic.' But it is sadly lacking in moral consistency. For example:—It actually professes to 'receive most cordially and fully the opening doctrine of our Declaration of Independence, that God has created all men free and equal,' and also to 'believe the doctrine of the Bible, that he has made of one blood all men who dwell upon the face of the earth;—that Christ died for the African as much as for you or me;—and that 'all men are equal in their claims to all the privileges which constitutions and laws can bestow.' He further says, that he is 'heart-sick of your low, noisy, earth-born politics;—your false expediency;—your hollow compromises;—your cool contempt of God.' Nevertheless, he says, 'I cherish the deepest reverence for the Constitution of my country—I am a loyal subject of the government—I am an unwavering friend of the Union.' Nay, more:—"I would not disturb the guarantees of the Constitution, by which the SLAVE PROPERTY OF MY DEAR KINRED IN THE SOUTH IS MADE SECURE, until they are moved by the truth and power of God, are ready to co-operate in the holy and most blessed work of emancipation. I stand by the stipulations made to them—I ask for a return of honor and faith." But to expect such a return is futile, according to his own showing; for he says—"Slavery keeps no true, obeys no laws, observes no promise. It enters into a professed compromise for a time, simply that it may lay upon its recruits its strength, and watch its advantage." Finally, he says—"Slavery may continue to place its fetters upon the limbs of black men—this is an evil sufficiently great and alarming—let it not bind our souls, nor padlock our lips." And this is the animus of the whole sermon. It is full of sympathy for the white settlers in Kansas—for Mr. Sumner, prostrated by ruffian blows on the floor of the Senate; and deeply concerned for the liberties of the people of the North. But, for four millions of slaves bound hand and foot, body and soul, in the Slave States, it evinces no compassion whatever; it does not touch one of their chains; it leaves them to the 'tender mercies' of their selfish possessors, our 'dear kindred in the South.' It says that 'we are called to duty to consider not so much the abolition of slavery as the abolition of freedom'—a very nice metaphysical distinction! As if freedom were not now in the dust solely because of the continuance of slavery, made 'SECURE by the guarantees of the Constitution'! As if the consequences of sin are to be evaded or driven back by nourishing the sin itself! As if it were rational to complain that the fruit of the tree is poisonous to the taste, while opposing the laying of the axe to the root thereof! Of what avail is it for Mr. Foster to say—"There is a scheme of government where men are brothers, living together in fraternal fellowship, blessing each other, and blessed themselves: there is a rule of freedom, according with Christ's religion." Remember the proverb—"Fine words butter no parsnips." No such scheme of government is that which 'secures' property in human flesh, and reduces to bondage every seventh person in the land; yet that is the scheme which Mr. Foster says he 'cherishes with the deepest reverence,' and of which he is 'a loyal subject'! He will 'stand by the stipulations made to the South,' allowing her a slave oligarchy in Congress, and the privilege to hunt her fugitives on the soil of New England as freely as on her own;—at the same time, he is 'heart-sick of your earth-born politics;—your false expediency;—your hollow compromises!'" Such jargon as this cannot emanate from a heart keenly alive to the sorrows and woes of the sable victims of slavery; it plainly indicates a lack of moral principle, or at least of moral discrimination.

Mr. Foster says that he regards the proposition to extend slavery into free territory exactly as he should 'the proposition to plant it in our own State. The moral principle is the same, and the results on the same scale are the same.' Now, we all feel that there could be no excuse for bringing slavery into this State. It would be an infinite evil, an unseparable wrong. . . . We would exclaim with one voice,—"Give us mildew or blight, pestilence or famine or war sooner! And is it not as great a wrong, as fearful an evil, as much to be abhorred, in Virginia, or Georgia, or any of the fifteen slave States? And yet, so far as the South is concerned, Mr. Foster 'would not disturb the guarantees of the Constitution, by which the SLAVE PROPERTY IS MADE SECURE'—by which something worse than mildew or blight, pestilence or famine, is made a matter of national complicity!—"I stand by the stipulations made to them." Is not this to dabble with untempered mortar? NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

Aside from these moral defects, this sermon contains many truthful and eloquent passages, which we shall transfer to our columns as well worthy of perusal, in another number.

## PAMPHLET FOR THE TIMES.

John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, have just published a pamphlet with special reference to the present crisis, entitled "THE REPUBLICAN SCRAP BOOK; containing the Platforms, and a Choice Selection of Extracts, setting forth the Real Questions in Issue, the Opinions of the Candidates, and the Designs of the Slave Oligarchy, as shown by their own Writers, and the Opinions of Clay, Webster, Joshua Quincy, and other Patriots, on Slavery and its Extension." This "Scrap Book" will prove a valuable Text Book while the conflict with the Slave Power lasts. How any man can read it, and not see and feel that no mere geographical issue with that Power is admissible, we are at a loss to understand. We are sorry to perceive in it, (p. 24,) a mean attempt to propitiate the pro-slavery spirit, in order to secure votes for Mr. Fremont, by wishing it to be observed that "the ultra Abolitionists, [meaning those who carry out their principles honestly and legitimately,] who avowedly seek the dissolution of the Union, and go for Buchanan as the surest way of accomplishing their end." This is a misrepresentation. An article is copied from the Portland Advertiser, commencing thus:—"We have already published Garrison's avowed preference for the election of Buchanan over that of Fremont, and we now find his followers taking the same ground." Now, this is a false imputation. We have never avowed any such preference, in private or in public, in speech or in writing; on the contrary, we have uniformly expressed our preference for Fremont as feeling of the 'ultra Abolitionists'—not because Fremont is an abolitionist, not because his party gives any countenance whatever to our Disunion views, or to 'ultraism' in any shape, but because he and they are right in resisting the extension of slavery, and in that act necessarily have our sympathies and good wishes, however culpable they may be, and are, in other respects; just as we approved of Mr. Webster's course when he declared, "There is no one who can complain of the North for resisting the increase of slavery representation;" and again when he said, "In my judgment, we are to use the first, and the last, and every measure which occurs, in maintaining our principles against the extension of the Slave Power; and again when he said, "The freedom of the North have a deep interest in keeping labor free, exclusively free, in the new Territories. . . . I shall consent to no extension of the area of slavery upon this continent, nor to any increase of slave representation in the other House of Congress." This is Fremontism, in whole and in

part—nothing more, nothing less. But because we commended Mr. Webster for taking this position, did it prove him to be a Disunionist? Who was so foolish or so impudent as to bring that charge against him while living? No one. And what is he but a knave, who, because we are with the Republican party in its efforts to prevent Kansas from falling a prey to Border Ruffianism,—though known to be against it in its compromise with slavery where it now exists,—undertakes to fasten upon that party the odium of our Disunionism, and to represent us as all having the same object in view? And what are they but infatuated, by representing off one party trick against the success of Buchanan, for whom and for whose party we cherish unmingled affection, and for whose party we cherish unmingled affection, as among the basest of the base, and the most desperate of the desperadoes? If the Republican party wishes us to give it a certificate of its perfect loyalty to the "covenant with death," the United States Constitution, we will do so in the most explicit language. The disloyal charges brought against it, by the Buchanan party, we pronounce to be utterly false and malicious, known to be such by those who coarsely circulate them, and who are 'of their father the devil.' John C. Fremont is as true to the Union as James Buchanan or Millard Fillmore; and we are sorry for him. "Pity 'tis 'tis true."

The Advertiser refers to a Mr. H. N. Smith, (not John Smith,) as "an earnest disciple of Garrison, who writes from the West, that, if Fremont were elected, the Union will be strengthened, and he fears malevolent element," and who therefore "earnestly desires the election of Mr. Buchanan." Who this Mr. Smith is, we do not know; but he has a right to his opinion—only it is unfair to quote such a case against the opinions of an overwhelming majority of those who are designated as 'ultra Abolitionists.' Their views were clearly expressed in the following resolutions adopted at the last New England Anti-Slavery Convention in this city:

Resolved, That slavery in a Territory is no worse than slavery in a State; that Kansas is no more entitled to freedom from slavery than any other Territory; and that we are in duty bound to prevent the extension of that most hideous system, and appreciate at its true value whatever is said or done to buffet the designs of the Slave Power in regard to future territorial acquisitions, we declare every other issue to be deceptive and futile, except that of the liberation of every slave, and the separation of the North from the South as a moral and religious duty, and as a sure method of effecting the speedy downfall of slavery universally.

Resolved, That the government of the United States is in the hands of an unscrupulous and traitorous coterie as ever yet sought to betray God and crucify Liberty; that American democracy is but the synonym for political villainy intensified, tormented run to bay; that the Executive Power has ridiculously betrayed the liberties of the North by its ready subservience to the Southern oligarchy, and, instead of being the lawful President of the United States, is the chief of bandits, and the incarnation of 'Border Ruffianism,' more deserving of execration than Frederick Arnold, and more worthy of being brought to the block than was Charles I.

Another article is copied from the New York Evening Post, representing the Anti-Slavery Standard to be opposed to the Republican movement, because it will stop slavery agitation, and 'will, in its benumbing and satiating influence, retard the movements for the slaves' redemption.' The comment of the Post is as explicit as it is remarkable:—"No doubt the election of Fremont will have both these tendencies. It will stop slavery agitation, &c. This shows that the abolitionism of the Post is like salt that has lost its savor. Provided the territories are secured for the exclusive benefit of free white laborers, the Post is willing and desirous to have all agitation ended in regard to the millions groaning in bondage at the South; and it is so weak as to think that entire repose on the subject of slavery will follow the election of Fremont! Why, it matters not who sits in the Presidential chair: the excitement must go on—the revolution cannot go backward. Possibly it may be retarded for the hour—'stopped' or suppressed it can never be. But we enter into no calculation of chances or consequences; we do not desire the success of villainy on the ground that greater good may grow out of it than by its defeat. We believe in doing right, trusting in the right, and firmly adhering to principle. Beyond this, we take no thought, and give ourselves no concern. We are sure it is not in the power of Fremont, or Buchanan, or Fillmore, to perpetrate this blood-stained Union; and that, in spite of them all, God shall yet dash it in pieces 'as a potter's vessel is broken.'"

## POLITICAL INQUIRIES.

We regret that the circulation of the THE LIBERATOR is so limited, for many reasons—among them one, that so many persons are ignorant of its real character, that in a political crisis like the present, they are easily imposed upon by designing demagogues in regard to the position it occupies, and often led to send us letters like the following, asking for information:—

MORRISTOWN, (N. J.) Oct. 3, 1856.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON: DEAR SIR,—Will you do me the favor to state, in a brief note, in reply to this, which of the Presidential candidates you intend to vote for in the coming campaign? By so doing, you will confer a great favor upon me.

Yours, very respectfully,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON: DEAR SIR,—The contest is waxing warm in this State. The friends of liberty may be able to do a good work, if they rightly devote their energies. I am of the opinion that all true friends of liberty should do all they can to carry this State for Fremont. Is this your opinion? A few votes may turn the scale one way or the other.

Lovely is making a good fight in this District, but the contest is to be a close one, and my impression is that our friends ought to do for it as they can. He will aid me more than any other man. He has taken more conservative ground than formerly, but it is understood here that it is to get votes, except among a few. He is with us on many points, but in the coming campaign, you will see that he is not. I am a true friend of liberty, and I will not make any show about it, for Fremont, and especially for Owen Lovejoy.

Give me an early answer, and believe me with you in the cause, although a stranger.

Yours, truly,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to send me a copy of your paper, containing your sentiments with reference to the pending election? I wish to know whether or not you have expressed yourself in favor of Fremont's election.

I am a Fremont man, and take the ground that you have seen an editorial in your paper, or a speech from you, to that effect, and that in that article you say that Buchanan's election will promote a dissolution of the Union, and for that reason you hope to see Buchanan successful; that Fremont's election will tend to preserve the Union, and put off the event you are laboring for.

I may be in error. It may be true that you desire Fremont's election; but with the evidence before me, I doubt it. Buchanan's success here, which you are in favor of, would mean the extension of slavery, and the extension of slavery, and thus attempt to prove that the (Republican) are Disunionists, which we, of course, deny, as it is false.







## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

## DEACON FREEMAN'S WICKED WIFE.

When Deacon Freeman took a wife,  
He thought he took a priceless treasure;  
The thorny way, he said, he'd take,  
She'd make a rosy path of pleasure.

But Deacon Freeman's lady said,  
On whom those visions were erected,  
Turned out a very different gal  
From what the Deacon had expected.

Her temper was quick to move;  
Her heart was filled with acid juices,  
And, if she had the power to love,  
She plainly never knew its uses.

Her eyes would look the lightning flash,  
Whenever sought to place to stir her;  
And thunder from her lips would crash,  
That made the Deacon bow in terror.

She beat the maids the live-long day;  
She spent her husband's hard-earned stores;  
And, if she could not have her way,  
She threatened she would leave his doors.

And when she children bore to him,  
As often times with wives the case is,  
She seized upon the curious whim  
To black the little creatures' faces.

Good Deacon Freeman's godly heart  
Revolted at this dreadful fashion;  
Yet was he forced to black a part,  
His lady flew in such a passion.

She trespassed on her neighbor's lot,  
And made the Deacon fight to aid her;  
The neighbor's little girl she caught,  
And, like her own, in black arrayed her.

Such sights were seen along the road,  
Such daily slights were lifted skyward,  
That Deacon Freeman's had a shod  
Became a hissing and a by-word.

And yet, though strange it may appear,  
The only thing his tongue would run on,  
When at his match men cast a sneer,  
Would be "the blessings of the Union."

His soul, however, oft was stirred  
By conscience's ever-lingering prickling,  
And now and then he spoke a word  
For some poor servant she was licking.

She bore awhile his feebler strains,  
But soon as dared he urge his wishes,  
She beat the broomstick o'er his brains,  
And knocked him down among the dishes.

The Deacon could endure no more;  
And, though it makes me sad to name it,  
He sprang upon his feet, and swore,  
"I'll stop this shameful conduct,—dame it!"

"I thought, in taking you to wife,  
I took a guard from every evil;  
But you're the torment of my life,  
And proved to be the very devil."

"We've lived together now so long,  
I've lost my character forever;  
But you no more shall cause me wrong,  
—The bonds that bind us must sever."

The Deacon left with angry face,  
Bent on his plan's direct enforcement,  
And, going to the proper place,  
Procured a writing of divorcement.

He turned the lady from his door,  
And cleaned the faces she'd infected,  
And after that he evermore  
Lived happy, hearty, and respected.

Now, Uncle Sam, a match you've made,  
In being with the South united,  
Just like that union with a jade,  
By which the Deacon's days were blighted.

She's stained your States with slavery's shame,  
She's made you trample down the shrieking,  
She's married abroad your honest fame,  
And knocked you out of gear for speaking.

But, Uncle Sam, if you'd get rid  
Of all her vices and vexation,  
Go, do as Deacon Freeman did,  
And give the South a separation!

Cambridge, Sept., 1856.

From the Home Journal.

## SUMMER DYING.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Beauty is waning, a voice of complaining  
Comes from the hillside and dell;  
Dirge-notes are ringing, and crickets are singing  
To Summer a song of farewell!

Day brightly glows, but where are the roses  
June wreathed with her tresses of gold?  
Soft winds are sighing where darkly are lying  
Their rain-bent leaves on the mould.

Sadness comes o'er me, for barren before me  
Lie fields that I loved when a boy;  
No more in the shadows of oaks on the meadows  
Stout mowers their nooning echo.

The stubble how lonely! I've been shooting up only  
Where grain clothed the generous soil;  
And reapers were swinging their cradles, and singing  
Blithe strains to enliven the toil.

Cattle are wading where willows are shading  
The low, shallow bed of the stream;  
Thistle-down floating is sadly denoting  
That Summer will pass like a dream.

The harvest moon, sailing through mist, is untelling  
Her disk like a blood-painted shield;  
While school-boy and maiden, their baskets fruit-laden,  
Hie home from the blackberry field.

Dark swells of ocean, with long measured motion,  
Moan as they break on the shore;  
Airy tongues waiting for Beauty's cheek paling  
Chime in with the desolate roar.

Stars have grown dimmer, less dazzling the glimmer  
Of fire-fly lamps on the lawn;  
Flower-cups unfolding are honey-drops holding,  
But light from the landscape is gone.

Turned on the thistle, the bobolink's whistle  
Made cheerful the meadows of June;  
Mead-larks saluting the morn with their fluting,  
Replied to their rapturous tune.

Hoarse crows are calling, and first leaves are falling,  
But still a mild loneliness reigns;  
A sweet haunting sadness, though vanished in gladness,  
And glory from Nature remains.

## AUTUMN.

BY JAMES COCHRANE.

Now sober Autumn, with her empty wain,  
A sickle in her hand, and on her head  
Clusters of burnished nut and rowan red,  
With matron look comes winking o'er the plain;

A bevy of young maidens in her train,  
The lighter labors of the field to share;  
Whose playful mirth and movements debase  
Sweeten the toil of the enamored swain.

The mill now stands, the shuttles cease to fly;  
Her brother-weaver the cottage-girl lays by;  
The humming wheel of merriment is not heard;  
Unless no more the swinging hammer whirled;

But young and old, eager, with one accord  
Rush to the reapers in the rustling fields.

## THE SURE PROPHECY.

The red will come—it will not wait;  
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## GLEANINGS AT OBERLIN.

A few weeks' tour in the State of Ohio has furnished me with some facts and incidents, which perhaps may help our good cause along by a LIBERATOR'S narrative.

During my sojourn at Oberlin, that far-famed school of Orthodox Theology, I was gratified to see the equal participation of colored persons with white in church service. Not only were they seated promiscuously all over the house, as at the Music Hall, Tremont Temple, Church of the Disciples, and elsewhere in Boston, but even exercising their vocal gifts in the great choir. This latter sight is seldom witnessed publicly, unless at an anti-slavery gathering. I could not help querying how such a scene would affect pastor and people in one of our pro-slavery churches in Boston. Would not the presence of a colored chorister among the whites create some discord among the sons of harmony, and even the pastor be moved to a "South-side" variation from his notes?

This meeting out fair play to those of a colored skin, it is but justice to say, is a prominent feature at Oberlin, and traceable to the influence and associations of its principal institution, the College.

It was my privilege to witness the exercises before several of the Literary Societies, and at Commencement, and my heart was cheered with the successful efforts and fraternal recognition of the genius there developed by colored graduates, young men and women. The following themes were presented:—Utility of Astronomy—Miss Sarah J. Woodson; American Poets—Emma J. Gloucester; Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Sarah K. Wall; Miss Louisa Alexander; Oration—Popular Sympathy for the Exile—John C. Jones.

The Cleveland Plaindealer of August 29, 1856, serves up to its readers a sketch of the exercises. As its commendations will suit my purpose, and its ribaldry illustrate American colorphobia, I extract the following specimens of the lights and shadows of a pro-slavery journalist:—

"On Tuesday afternoon, the exercises of the graduating class in the Young Ladies' Department took place. They formed a procession on the College grounds, and marched, two and two, locked arm in arm, to the Great Bush Church—numbering in all two hundred and twenty-four. They were all dressed in white, wearing a badge or scarf of sky-blue, hung gracefully over the right shoulder, and knotted on the left side with a flowing liberty of length. They were nearly all of the same height, and apparently of very nearly the same age, varying from sixteen to twenty-two. A prettier exhibition of pretty girls was rarely ever seen, either in this or any other country. They were told that a great number of them came from the Eastern States. All tastes, in respect to race and style of beauty seemed to have been consulted and gratified. The sprinkling of 'faces set in ebony,' which we noticed in this grand procession, seemed to us decidedly regular, and must have been particularly so to the feelings of those beautiful young white girls, who were required to march arm in arm with the coloreds. In fact, this was evident from the blush and downcast eyes of the white girls, so uncongenially coupled, as they met the public gaze. This antagonism of the races can never be overcome, so long as the laws of nature remain unchanged. To the education and moral elevation of the black race, we do not object—but we say—'let her keep her place, and let the white girl keep hers.' The young ladies were seated in the Great Church in the circular gallery, in front of the audience, and when they settled down into their seats, looked like a flock of azure winged pigeons caught in a net, with a few stray blackbirds among them."

"Nineteen of these young girls comprised the graduating class—four of whom were colored girls. Two colored girls and eight of the white girls read essays. These essays were on the moral part well read, and evinced a degree of talent and mental training highly creditable both to the institution and to the individuals. These essays were all good, and some of them excellent."

"The essay on 'American Poets' was written and read by a colored girl, and for discrimination and just criticism was certainly deserving of what it seemed to receive, the marked approbation of the audience."

"The oration, 'Popular Sympathy for the Exile,' delivered by the colored graduate, was by no means inferior to the others in point of moral composition, or in the style in which it was delivered."

"The course of education at this institution seems to be thorough, and much the same in its literary and scientific course as pursued in the Eastern colleges. But in the color of its features, we cannot look upon it with much complacency. In the best light in which we can place it, we can only see it as it were—in a glass darkly."

The free and easy manner in which white and colored classmates greet each other at Oberlin is a practical refutation of what the Plaindealer holds up as an 'antagonism of the races which can never be overcome.' Among the colored Alumni present were George B. Vashon, Professor of Belles Lettres in Central College, who had been expected to address the Literary Societies; John M. Langston, Esq., who has several degrees conferred upon him, has been Clerk of a township in Lorraine county, and is now a successful law practitioner and anti-slavery lecturer; and Mr. Jones, now a Canadian resident of merit and distinction. Wm. H. Day, alternate orator, was detained at home.

It was a noteworthy fact, that none of the white students manifested any disposition to dodge the question of the age, but in their several themes characterized American slavery in appropriate language.

It was a matter of surprise and regret to many that one young lady graduate in the College Department did not read her own admirable essay. This, by custom of the institution, was delegated to one of the male Professors, and though he rendered it with earnestness and effect, yet, remembering the Scripture injunction against hiding their light under a bushel, we could not help wishing that in this instance, instead of a Peck of reflected light, the lady had presented her production in propria persona. She afterwards appeared on the platform with the male graduates, to receive her degree, Bachelor of Arts, and was complimented by Professor Finney. Though last, not least, a tribute was also awarded by him to the female students generally, for the good influences exerted in the institution by their presence and discipline.

As at the College and Church, so is the treatment of colored people generally throughout Oberlin. Among them are cabinet makers, house contractors and builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, stucco workers, masons, coach trimmers and harnesses, shoemakers, boot-makers, grocers, farmers, &c. &c., industriously pursuing their callings, and thus daily furnishing evidence of their abundant ability to 'take care of themselves.' Boston, September, 1856. W. C. N.

## MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

The friends of the above-named Association have just held their first annual meeting at Kerr's Corners, North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., commencing on the 20th of August, and continuing three days.

The meeting continued to increase in interest and in numbers to its close, until the Presbyterian Church, in which it was held, was crowded to its utmost capacity. On the last day, many thronged outside, unable to gain admittance, anxious to listen to the glowing words and truthful sentiments as they fell from the lips of the several earnest speakers who attended the meeting.

The largest library was extended and maintained towards all present to utter his or her thoughts, each on their own responsibility, in the spirit of toleration, whilst love and a beautiful harmony characterized the meeting throughout its several sessions, not only in the discussions of the various resolutions which came before the meeting, but in welcoming to its platform able persons of every shade of religious belief, philanthropist and reformer, thereby eliciting much thought, and a free exercise of the various gifts and faculties of the mind; beautifully illustrating the foundation principle upon which this great moral and religious association is based, viz., that its platform is as broad as Humanity, its creed as extensive as Nature's wide domain, and its only Trinity, 'Equality, Fraternity, Harmony.'

Many persons from other States attended the meetings: among others, our much-loved friends, Joseph A. Douglass and wife, from Pennsylvania, whose presence gave much life and animation to the meetings.

whose counsel strengthened us in our endeavors, whose loving spirit and kind words inspired our hearts with love for each other, and also towards the great source whence emanates all love.

The various wrongs and evils which crush and afflict humanity were dealt with in a becoming spirit. Slavery, war, intemperance, the oppression of woman, the evils arising from the use of tobacco, the injurious effects of the present system of dress, the pompous display at funerals, the saddening effect of habits of mourning, all claimed a share in the discussions, and called forth much interest and many brilliant ideas and sentiments from the audience.

The spirit of prayer and of song was most harmoniously breathed forth throughout its several sessions, and at its close, the spirit and power of Love was most signally felt to pervade and permeate all hearts present, cementing all into the feeling of holy sympathy for the common Brotherhood of Man, and reverence for the universal Fatherhood of God.

The friends in the different localities were prompt and efficient in securing homes, and entertaining strangers from abroad with open doors and hearts, ready to receive and make happy all who favored them with their presence, in the spirit of brotherly fraternity; and all seemed to rejoice that such a meeting had been held. May they be continued annually, that the spirit of progress which has been awakened may be strengthened and kept alive in the hearts of the people!

In behalf of the meeting,

CHARLES C. KIRBY,

SARAH A. BURTIS,

Secretaries.

## OLD TIF AND THE CHILDREN.

The most unique, and perhaps the most successful of all the characters drawn by Mrs. Stowe, in her new work 'Diana,' is that of Old Tif, a venerable slave, belonging to a miserable lord named Cripps, who induced a lovely girl of aristocratic descent to elope with and marry him—taking her into a secluded spot in the woods, and subjecting her to every possible neglect and deprivation, till she died heart-broken, leaving three little children to the care of Old Tif, whose affection for them, and interest in their welfare, are described with marvellous skill and thrilling pathos. Here is a scene after the death of the mother:—

The cholera at length disappeared, and the establishment of our old friend Tif proceeded as of yore. His chickens and turkeys grew to maturity, and cackled and strutted jocosely. His corn waved its ripening flags in the September breezes. The grave of the lady who had grown green with its first coat of grass, and Tif was comforted for his loss, because, as he said, 'he knew he 'a better off'."

Miss Fanny grew healthy and strong, and spent many long sunny hours wandering in the woods with Teddy; or, sitting out on the bench where Nina had been wont to read to them, would spell out with difficulty, for her old friend's comfort and enlightenment, the half-familiar words of the wondrous story that Nina had brought to their knowledge.

The interior of the poor cottage bore its wonted air of quiet, sylvan refinement; and Tif went on with his old dream of imagining it an ancestral residence, of which his young master and mistress were the head, and himself their whole retinue. He was sitting in his tent door, in the cool of the day, while Teddy and Fanny had gone for wild grapes, cheerfully examining and mending his old pantaloons, meanwhile recreating his soul with a cheerful conversation with himself.

"Now, Old Tif," said he, "I don't know what you mean, 'cause it ain't much matter what you wear. What's it allers a promising to bring home some cloth for to make a more 'speacable pair; but, laws, he never does nothing he says he will. An't no trusting in dat 'scripture of people,—jiggeting up and down de country, drinking all de day, and sayin' dat de 'scripture say 'so, so, so, I can do it! Mighty long time since he been home, any how! Well, de Lord's will be done! Pity to kill such critters! Would n't a much mind if he should die. Laws, he an't much profit to de family, coming home dere wid 'em, 'cause dey don't do nothin' but drink de 'scripture say 'so, so, so, I can do it! Mighty long time since he been home, any how! Well, de Lord's will be done! Pity to kill such critters! Would n't a much mind if he should die. Laws, he an't much profit to de family, coming home dere wid 'em, 'cause dey don't do nothin' but drink de 'scripture say 'so, so, so, I can do it! 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